SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD. (Including Postage.)

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,280

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

BRANCH OFFICER

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1267 BROADWAY, be-WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-12877 EROADWAY, De-tween 31st and 32d sts., New York.

BROOKLYN-350 FULTON ST. HABLEM.-News Department: 150 East 125TH ST.: Advertise-ments st 237 East 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.-LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH OTR ST. WASHINGTON-610 14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE-32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR

## 345,468 WORLDS

#### UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

After a thorough examination of the Circulation Books, Press and Mail Room Reports and Newsdealers' Awounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED and ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the Month o March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUN DRED and NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED and TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF THE

W. A. CAMP, Manager W. Y. Clearing-House. O. D. BALDWIN, President American Loan and T. Co. THOS. L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM: 81) 10,709,520 (345,468 Average Number of WORLDS Printed Dall

345,468. Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the last Six Months:

342,206.

#### LET THERE BE DARKNESS.

How long must this horror go on? How many innocent, honest, helpless men must be tortured to death before the law shall be fulfilled? How long shall crowds of people, with blanched faces and sick bearts, stand in the city streets watching men fried and frizzled alive upon the electric gridirons in mid-air? Is New York one great inquisition chamber?

The sight which for an hour was yesterday held before thousands of eyes at the corner of Chambers and Centre streets was a horrible emphasis of Mayor GRANT's ringing edict delivered the day previous to the electric light companies. It was the nauseating. blood-curdling climax to a long series of what have been politely termed "accidents." They are nothing of the kind. They are crimes-crimes against the law, crimes against human pity, crimes whose perpetrators have gone on committing them in the face of incessant warning.

What was the motive? Gain. Who are the guilty ones? The officers of the electric light companies, who to save the pairry cost billiards, of which he is very fond. of compliance with the law, have ignored the notices served upon them that they were in constant violation of it. They have been bold and brazen in their neglect, and who is paying the penalty? Not they.

Whose lives and whose sufferings have been given in exchange for their nasty gams? Not theirs.

There is no excuse these men can offer. To shunt from their own shoulders the burden of this awful responsibility they have set up the cry that the subways are not ready.

When we think of the sufferings of vester. day's victim, and of the seven who have preceded him within a little while, such pleading is paltry. If the subways are not ready. let us have darkness rather than this death carnival. These corporations have fattened long enough in violation of the law,

Let the Mayor put a stop to it. The prople of New York will nold up his hands and speed him in his work, though they grope in to al darkness for a twelvemonth.

The law forbids overhead wires. Stop the currents and down with them. Somebody is guilty of yesterday's tragedy-guilty as though he had slain the unfortunate himself. Who is it?

#### ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

A California Indian, out of regard for his sick brother, shot and killed a no account medicine man who, while attending the patient and putting in his bill with great punctuality, tailed to effect a cure.

If that summary custom should spread Eastward, what a clearing out there would be in all the schools of pill-mixers. It would stop the wrangling of the "pathles" in a hurry, and, the chances are, save ten lives for tion of the latter's term of office next December. every one it took

#### THE UNFAILING RESORT.

Now, when every voice in Virginia is crying "Down with MAHONE," and every heart in Virginia is full of hope that the Boss may be dethroned, there is a clinking and a clanking. The Republican enginery of boodle, savior of so many forlorn hopes, has been ordered thither by President BEN and is being unlimbered, and Quar is in command. Fate may smile yet on BILL MAHONE, as HARmison has done.

We have heard in song and story of the Arab's desert steed, of the charger as ride which the Crusader rode to the holy wars ander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of the late said of fleet horse of the plains durting | President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

along like a sunbeam with a whooping Aborigine across his back.

Put away a'l those poesies. We live in an age of dollars and sense, and the trotter Axtell is the greatest horse ever foaled. He brought \$105,000 yesterday.

The gas reservoir of Republican campa'gn orators in Ohio has collapsed in a night. MURAT HALSTEAD has withdrawn his charges Gold Double Eagle Offered for the against the Democratic caudidate, and admits that in pronouncing them he went off half primed.

MURAT has been groggy ever since that Senstorial cross-counter in the Berlin business. The Republicans of Ohio will be content to have him stand off in his corner and apar for wind.

Just to think that he should need it.

Bannum sailed for England to-day with his big show. Dollars to doughnuts he has the Prince of Wales trying to ride the trick mule. and Queen Victoria playing fat lady on a platform in the museum of wonders, within a week after he lands. These foreign poten. tates want to lie low while PHINEAS is in their midst.

A Detroit jury, investigating corruption in the City Council, subpænsed four judges of the Circuit Court. In the West a man in ermine is a man just the same. That is, if

British miners in national conference are crying for an eight-hour day. There are American miners no further West than Illinois who will not ask for shorter days if they can get enough for themselves and families

BOULANGER says he was willing to suffer defeat to save France from a revolution. Now France is rather partial to revolution, but she was not willing to swallow Boulander again, even for the sake of having one.

#### SPOTLETS.

A blue law has been resurrected which may clos all the Boston bars. It is suspected that this is a part of the anti-Sullivan-for-Congress movement.

So Marriand politicians fought their duel with fists, and the man who had first smashed a slate then smashed his opponent's face.

The fourteen good shots of the Squirrel Club, of Galway, Saratoga County, have just slaughtered over 9,000 of the innocents at their annual hunt. The Crar was interested in the phonograph, but

was careful not to fill it with explosive remarks. Mr. Stewart, of Harlem, has a brase ring, a plated watch and the memory of a valuable bunco man, ad

in place of his own valuables. The exchange was effected under cover of the swindler's loquacity. Baratoga County's new conundrum is, "Why didn't they?" The old one was a query whether the Grand Jury, then in session, would indict the gam-bling-house men at the Springs.

Though not from every trouble free, At least we re free from some: The dies have almost gone and the Mosquitos cease to hum.—Heston Courier. Lancaster, Ohio, had the novelty, Thursday night,

f seeing trotting races by natural gaslight. A Canadian jury has disagreed in the case of woman who wanted \$40,000 from her father-in-law on the claim that he induced her to marry his son through false representations as to the latter's wealth and morality.

Pierre (S. Dak.) lots were sold by moonlight re cently. Real estate booms are often moonshiny.

#### ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

E. C. Carter, the official handicapper of the A. A. . is quite a bowler. He has also a strong penchant for game chickens, and has many fine specimens of game fowl at his Jersey farm.

C. T. Wiegand, who won the Eastern States Chamhurdles recently, is an adept at

Billy "Roberts, of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, is dubbed the "picnic fiend," owing to his havin won so many prizes at picnic games. He is a brilliant performer on the plane.

Tommey Conneff is considerable of a journalist He was formerly on the staff of the Dublin Sport. He is also the author of a series of articles on athletic training which attracted much attention. He has been in business constantly in a downtown office since the second day he landed on these shores.

W. De Forrest Bostwick, the official reporter at the athletic games of the M. A. C., is much liked by the newspaper boys. He is an admirer of boxing and manly sport of all kinds.

#### FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Miss M.\* ian Edison, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the famous inventor, is a slight, siender, graceful girl, with bright brown eyes and sepia brown hair. Her manners are beautiful, and she has the air and ease of a mature woman. For the last two years she has been studying in Paris. She speaks four languages, is a very fair musician, and uses a pencil like a draughtsman. She received her first training from a governoss, special teachers were afterwards secured to instruct her in the rudiments, and as result there is not a trace of the mannish in her manner of thought or action.

The queens of Bohemia, who dote on receiving in the half lights that beautify some annex or alcove of the drawing-room, tinge their ears, lips and eyelids with marcon red rouge. The effect is quiet Oriental and correspondingly bewitching.

Only the girl with the Daphne head and Corinthian

entour should essay the eiffel coiffure. A serpentine necklace is the jewel for a woman with the eyes of a sibyl.

#### POLITICAL ECHCES.

John C. Dodd, who essayed to be the leader of the corganized Fifth District Republicans, fell under the displeasure of Mr. Theodore Allen, and as a result "outside the breastworks." The primary in that district was held last night, and Allen swept all be fore him and installed Audley J. Mooney as

It is asserted that Col. John Wesley Jacobus has een assured that he will succeed Gen. Martin T. McMahon as United States Marshal, on the expira WAS was predicted by THE EVENING WORLD, the brewers have declar d in favor of returning Fenator Charles A. Stadler from the Ninth District, and the

the seat is rendered so much more difficult. Tammany Hall delegates to the several nominating conventions were elected last evening without hitch in the working of the well-regulated machine

canvass of Assemblyman Edward Parker Hagan for

#### WORLDLINGS.

Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, editor of the London Tele. graph, is a fine-looking man, smooth shaven and apparently not much more than thirty years of age. In addition to his editorial duties he is a member of Parliament.

Mrs. I cland Stanford is said to have the most valuable private collection of diamonds to One of the necklaces is worth \$600,000.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs. Alex-

### HUNTING STORIES. CLARA BELLE LETTER

A Great Opportunity for Votaries of The Lady Cashier Carefully Pictured the Gan.

Best Hunting Story.

Judge Gildersleeve Will Award the Prize.

Another of "The Evening World's" Timely and Popular Contests.

THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting miest as a timely and interesting feature. The Ash story contest created a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gun will prove no less entertaining. The prize-a double gold eagle-well be given for the best hunting story submitted. Judge Henry A. Offdersteers, who is a great

hunteman blinself, has consented to act as judge and award the prize.

They may be as short as the authors desire, but must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published All competitors should address, Hunting Stor-Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Nimrod

#### A YANKEE SCHOOLMARM'S SUCCESS.

the Saved All Her Extelligs and Invested Them in Paying Real Estate.

Miss Ida Stowell, the lady who sold the southeast corner of Robert and Fifth streets last week for \$150,000, furnishes a striking example of "the woman in real estate," says the St. I aul Pioneer Press. She is one of the few ladies who within the last few years have made large sums of money in the North-west by operating in lots and lands. She came to this city from the East several

She came to this city from the East several years ago and obtained a position as teacher in one of the public schools at a salary such as is usually paid for such services. Having a keen business instinct, she invested her savings indiciously in real esta e, beginning in a small way and turning over her money whenever she saw a good opportunity.

It is said that some one, recognizing the lady's 1 usiness ability, became interested with her in her deals, but however that may be on the lat of December 1837 she was in

with her in her deals, but however that may be, on the lat of Decemier, 1887, she was in a position to buy the Robert and Fifth street corner from the Davidsons, and the dea was made on that day. The amount she paid was \$115,000, so that in less than two years she has realized a profit of \$35,000.
Miss Stowell resides at the Merchants' Hotel, and persons who have any business relations with her say that ways residence. lations with her say they never met a woman more thoroughly conversant with bus ness methods or more fully alive to her business

#### PARIS'S LATEST LION.

Mile. Augusta Holmes New the Latest Lies of Carla.

opportunities.

The lion of the present hour at Paris, say a Paris letter to the Putslung Press, is Mile. Augusta Holmes, the composer of the Triumphal Ode," which was recently rendered in that wast building, the Palais de l'industrie, with 1,200 performers, 800 of whom were ins rumentists, before an audi-

ence of 22.000 seople.

The municipal government and the Exposition authorities voted \$60,000 expenses to get up the enterianment, not a cent of watch went to the author, who gave her services gratuitously.

Mile, Homes, who was born in France of

Mile. Homes, who was born in France of Irish parents, and naturalized after the war of 1870, is also the composer of other celebrated works, such as "Lutece ses Argonauts" ann. "Triande Pro I stra."

The "Triumphat Ode" illustrates in music and verse the national glories and resou ce of France, the success of the Exposition, magnifies the Republic and bints openly at the new carrier of the lest average.

the recovery of the lost provinces.

A huge stage was erected with marble steps leading up to it, somewhat a ter the engravings of the Fetes de la Federation. M. Colonne directed the band and chorus.

#### LOUISVILLE'S QUEEN OF BEAUTY. She Shows Her Good Taste and Common

Sense by Slaking fler Own Dresses. The queenly beauty of Miss Barbour Bruce on the night of the carnival is still, and will be for some time, says the Louisville Post,

the subject of conversation, but there is one thing not yet told which reflects great credit upon this lady.

The gown she wore is said to be the finest conception of its kind ever seen here: original, striking, rich and most appropriate for the occasion. It it has been ordered from the East the cost would have run into many

the East the cost would have run into many hundred dotters, but it was made right here at home, and by Miss Bruce herself.

It has been told of her for several years, however, that her art and taste in dressmak-ing are I the highest order, but the ball cos-tume was a superp suspiration—at least those who ought to know, the ladies, say it was.

#### HIS WIFE HELPS HIM.

Blacksmith Holman's Wife Helps Him at the Forge and Wields a ledge-Hammer. One of the most independent couples in l'albot County are Mr. and Mrs. Holman, who live in the southeast corner of the county, near Howard, says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph; Mr. Holman is engaged at present as a farmer and a blacksmith, and he is a smith of more than ordinary skill. When he need a striker his wise faces him at the anvii and

wields the sedge-hammer.

Mr. Holman formerly lived in Tennessee,
where he found regular employment as a
blacksuith, and his wife was his regular and constant striker.

#### STOLEN RHYMES.

Charity Begins at Home. She went round and asked sut a riptions For the heathen black Esyptians And the Lerra del Fuegens, She did.

For the tribes 'round Athabasca, And the men of Madagascar. And the joo, souls of Alaska, Eo she did.

Fhe longed, she said, to buy Jelly cake and jam and pie, For the Anthropophagi, So she did How she loved the cold Norwegian, And the poor half-melted Feelian, And the dear Malacca islander! She did.

She sent time of red temato To the trilles beyond the equator, But her husband sie polato, Bo he did. The poor, helpless, horoless thing (My voice failers as I sing)
Tied his clot, es un with a string,
Yes, he did.

The Song of the Tramp. I gather here and there a pie,
And here and there a biscuit:
I snatch a syoon when no one's by,
it always pa a to risk it.
I sleev as noon where waters flow
it soothe the weary comer.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on all Summer.

I fide beneath the rushing freight
From Roston to Chicago;
I watch each chance to desecrate
The box of Wells & Fargo.
I sing and whistle as I go—
November'll find me lonely,
For in November falls the snow—
I walk in Summer only.

don't you see?"
"No; I don't see, because the average man

and Analyzed.

Some Echoes From the Interior of a Beauty Shop.

Gray Hair Very Fashionable and Surprisingly Expensive.



NEW YORK. Get. 12. WENTY years ago when ron wanted to see the "lady cashier" you had to go to Europe. That is written on the authority of a middle-aged man. My recollection runs not so far back. Our girls were very pice and exclusive then. But, as that singularly observing Roman author cutely remarked. "times change," and here we are, before the experiment is fairly of age, so to speak, with

s many lady cashiers as there are in the city of Paris. At least I think there are as many; for although there is not a wine shop or cafe in the French capital which is unsupplied with one of these highly interesting objects of decoration and use, still the Parisian public continues to exist without sods water, while the enormousness of this business with us, a lady cashier going to each fountain, swells the domestic aggregation of lady cashiers to incalculable prosaid it would be wise to give a fair trial and com-

The finest sods-water fountains and the finest sody-water lady cashiers in New York are grouped within a comparatively small area shout the City Hall souare. There are wonder ful places in the shopping districts uptown, of course, but in point of size and magnificence the downtown fountains are unparalleled, and the lady cashiers, who handle their enormous revenues, are unspeakably more distinguished than the best specimens that Sixth avenue and upper Broadway afford. I sat half an hour on setter yesterday, and studied one of the specimen#.

I use the word "distinguished" advisedly. as the lawyers say of a hard name when they want to rub it in. Nearly all lady cashiers are beautiful, but when it comes to language, bearing, facial expression and all that, there are lady cashiers and lady cashiers. The City Hall Square lady cashiers-I may use the somewhat clumsy term for the purpose of lucid differentiation-have hauteur, a London accent and mani-cured finger-nails. They are duchesses, every one, in all that is concerned with outward form I do not think that they are really English, they are so remarkably pretty, but their breeding has been accomplished upon the most un-

mistakable and the top-loftiest English lines. It is quite terrible for a diffident man to be obliged to pass in the price of a glass of soda water to them as they sit so wonderfully and awfully in their splendid wicker-work cages. It seems so bold, so yulgarly intrusive and offensive, to lay a nickel down upon the glass plate before them and shove the mean little thing in spon their loveliness and privacy. I suspect that many a poor devil has given up his sodawater drinking through sheer lack of courage to face the terrors of this sort of thing.

Do you not know, oh, diffident male reader, precisely the sensation? Have you not felt the panic stealing over you as you have stood before the sods-water lady eashier and I anded in your five-cent piece? To see her behind her vase of deep red roses calmly reading a novel printed in large text in a broad, pure margin; to behold her attention distracted by the base click of your paltry coin; to suffer the slow, contemptu-ous sweep of her eyes from her book to your noney and the somewhat spatulous digit behind it; to hear the deliberate music of her bang'e as she wearily lifts her hand; to see her own rosy, taper, perfectly cared for finger descend warily and fearfully upon the money, as though it had the emsli-pox, and send it with a quick, sharp flip jungling into the drawer; and then to observe her renew her novel without even so much as a glance at your own interesting face-do you know anything, oh, diffident reader, that has ever sent you down further and with a colder and more hopeless hum liation into your boots? And you scrubbing your mustache with feverish zeal all the while, in order that when the proud and peerless creature looked you over she might discover no froth

A BEAUTY SHOP. But for curious commercial ladies you need to go, as a girl friend and 1 did, to one who keeps s beauty shop, and coins morey from the sale of her hair restorers, freckle lotions and bloom of youth powders. She was slim, tall and young. with bleached hair, a complexion do e up in arsenic a pair of cor-ets tight enough to squeeze her respiratory organs, and a mole on her left cheek from which a tiny bunch of hairs sprouted in harmiess luxuriance. Oh, yes; she could remove superflous bair without pain or difficulty.

"But why don't you remove the lair from the nole on your face ?" I asked. "Oh, I could readily enough," she replied: "but don't you know it's bad luck? My, yesworse than biting your finger nails. Why, I couldn't be induced to remeva those hairs. I wouldn't gare touch them. But you see there is no hair on my lip, or about my temples and side face, as there is on yours. If there was I should have it taken off at once.

The superstition about the mole didn't affect me as she intended, and I was suspicious of her goods before I saw them. She took us into what she called the laboratory. It was a dirty, dark room, about fitty feet long, in the rear end of which a small boy azily wrapping up the preparations for the unwary purchasers. In the bow-window was a table covered with dust and cosmetics, a couple of chairs, and two young girls on whom the goods are tried. The whitewashed madame opened a little stone jar, dipned into the contents the blade of an artist's knife, and brought out as much clay-like powder as the tip would hold. Drawing the little girl to her she pushed her sleeve up, showed us the delicate down on the smooth, round arm, and with the remark, "Now I will show you what it will do, dropped the powder on it, dipped the blade of the 'mife in the water, and began to paste the stuff over a space about the size of a dime. For about five minutes the waited to let the 'depliatory powder 'dry in, and while she

waited she talked like a circular. "All you need is the powder. Apply it as I did," she said, "and you can remove every hair from your arm and face and hand, if you will only take the time."

" And will it grow again ?" I asked. 'Oh, no.'

"Then why don't you sell it to the men and drive all the barbers out of the country? It is certainly a quicker process than shaving. 'Yes; but you see the hair on a man's face is too wiry to be taken off with the depilatory."

"But the hair on a boy's lace is not wiry, and, if as you say, one application is sufficient, you could make a fortune on college chins alone. "But a man's vanity is partly lodged in his

has no whiskers. A mustache requires all his However, when the powder dried it was scraped off with the blunt edge of the knife.

package.

and with it every particle of hair. Grace was delighted. She cheerfully handed out \$3 for a "We sell two boxes for \$5," the madame said

Do you want two?" "Of course not," I ventured to dictate. "If one application will remove the bair perma-

nently, she doesn't want to lay in a stock for nothing." "But I thought perhaps you yourself might "No, not to-day. I will wait and see how my

friend succeeds. That evening we tried the stuff on Grace and came near having a Sullivan and Kilrain encounter because she insisted on putting the stuff on her lip at once. It is bad enough as it is, but to invigorate the faint blonde mustache was something to be dreaded, and so, after much mouth and tongue athletics. Grace gave way to reason, bared her ankle, and we plastered it with the gray powder. The light hair came off when the stuff was removed. leaving about a dozen patches of vaccination mark pattern on the shapely limit. It was agreed to give the white spots a week's rest, and

if at the expiration of that time the hair did not

grow out again the mustache was to be pow-

dered, and the bothersome scolding locks about

her neck and temples removed. At the risk of giving herself a cold Grace lived much of the time with her loft ankle on exhibition, and were out a rubber garter snap ping it with impatience. We studied the powdered spot with magnifying and opera-glasses, with the naked eye and under the direct rays of the sun To our consternation, we were actually able to see the decapitated capillaries pushing up through the skin and out into the air after the third day. In a week they had doubled in length. We flew back to the madane, showed the spot to her, demanded an explanation and the return of the three dollars, and threatened expo-ure in court. With the snavity of a French maid she offered to take back the goods, but

ply with the directions on the box. "You can't expect extermination at once," ne said. "Repeat the treatment and continue she said. the application for a week, until the roots of the hairs have become weakened, when, of course,

they will cease to grow." Guilible to the last, we bolstered our faith, followed her advice, and to-day Grace has the most comical-looking ankle I ever raw on a mortal. The almost imperceptible hair came out a sort of pale Titian red wherever the depilstory was applied; more than that, it came out a dozen hairs to every cell, so that the little widow is literally tasselled over a space of six inches. It is needless to say that the delicate mustache will not be molested

man ? 'Yes," replied the juryman. 'but it also appeared in evidence, before you came in that the man he killed always per-isted in saying 'Is that so?' whenever anybody told him a bit of news." GRAY HAIR PASHIONABLE. It was in another store that I heard the re I'm sorry, madam, but it is impossible."

"Are you sure?" "It is absolutely out of the question, madam. slender, rather fresh-faced young matror had left her carriage in front of a Fourteenth -treet establishment where time's ravages upon the beauty of the female face are repaired with neatness and celerity, and was discussing a certain matter warmly with the clerk in charge. "But it would become me so much, don't you

"Unquestionably it would, but it cannot be "Are you sure of that? I saw Mrs. Brow

vesterday with the loveliest gray hair I ever saw, and she isn't a day older than I am. 'She wore a wig." 'I don't believe it." "But it is true nevertheless," replied the clerk, "and I know it because we made it here.

After the young matrou had left the shop the clerk turned to the writer with a sigh of relief and observed:

"That is the tenth so far this week." Tenth what?" I asked. Tenth miracle-seeker. You have no idea of the craze there is for gray hair. Young women, especially those with fresh complexions, are ab clutely wild about it. It gives to a face that is not striking a certain effect that must be seen to be appreciated. I don't wonder that the women all envy the owner of a fine head of gray hair. But graying the hair is beyond the hairdresser's art. We can make hair yellow as gold, red as copper, black as a raven's wing and brown as the coat of a deer in winter, but gray is out of our power. We can often make wigs of gray which would defy detection. You remember the late Matthew Arnold's visit to America? When he was in Washington he said, with his accustomed candor, that he had met there the handsomest woman in the world. She was the wife of ex-Senator Joseph A. McDonald, of Indiana. Mrs. McDonald is a slender woman, with flashing dark gray eyes, a complexion of reaches and cream, and has a won lerful head of whitish gray hair. She would be an ordinary looking

woman were it not for her hair.

"Is there no way of graying the hair by artificial means ?" "Yes, but the artifice is transparent. Women can use powder sprinkled over the hair after it is arranged, but unless they have black or very dark brown hair the effect is bad. The man who can invent some other method has a fortune

within his grasp. He opened a few boxes that he took down from shelf. They were filled with tresses of various colors and of various lengths.

" Here is a fine head of yellow," he said. "It is worth \$10. Here is one of brown that I will sell for half that sum. "But for one pound of gray or white hair I will pay eight hundred dollars. There is not one woman out of a thousand who has a pound of hair on her head. Women who have half a

pound are extremely rare, and most women only have from three to five ounces. That is not half enough for a wig. Look at these." Here the wigmaker displayed a lot of bunches varying in bulk and length, and of all imaginable tinta save white or gray. There were bunches of brown, rellow, black and red. They were worth from three to ten dollars each and represented the entire market value of a woman's head of hair. Such a lot only brought to

the owner a bare dollar, or perhaps less. 'No," added the wigmaker in conclusion. I would not advise a young woman to cut off her hair and sell it unless she happens to have either gray or white hair. An ordinary head of hair will not bring as much as will pay for a plain switch, and as for a wig, it will not pay for the making of it." CLARA BELLE. Copyright, 1889,

# True Elixie Of Life Hood's Sarsaparilla The Reviving Effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Reviving Effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla on copie who have been all run down is really remarkable, t completely overcomes "That Tired Feeling," cures sick headache, indigestion and dyspepsia.

Be Sure to Get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by

whiskers, and he shaves to make them grow. AMONG THE FUN-MAKERS. STRUCK DOWN AT HIS DESK

JOKERS' PENS.

No Gazetteer.

Hotel Clerk-I'd have taken my oath that man

was an Englishman, and yet he registers from

St. Heller, Jersey. Git a guide, Jimmy, and see if it's anywhere near Paterson.

Had Met Them.

Prom Time. 1

Stranger (to bicycle rider)—Are you acquainte

Bicycle Rider (pointing to the scars on his face,-Yes, I've met them quite often.

The "Sassy" flumanitarian.

"She's the sassiest woman I ever applied

"Well, she offered me cold tomato soup and stale bread, and I said I thought a little cake would do me good."
"Well?"

"She said if it was a cake of soap she thought would."

At the Authors' Club.

Brown-Who is that seedy-looking individual

Jones-That is Starvling, the renowned poet.

Justifiable Homicide.

[From the Somerville Journal.]

asked the astonished stranger. "The evidence all went to show, did it not, that he killed the

His One Accomplishment.

'"My young friend," said an active man of

Mairs, addressing a youth of dudish proclivi-

Charity, Sweet Charity.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]
"Madam, can't you give me something to eat

Returned with Thank &

[From Life. ]

A Burglar Alarm.

Accousing for the Heat.

[From Time, ]

The Critical Tramp.

"No. I shall try the White Mountains. They didn't set a good table here in Jer. cy."

An Autumnal Advantage.

"Shall you return to New Jersey next Sum-

haven't had a mouthful for two days.'

want?

" How came the jury to acquit the prisoner?"

1 From Munsey's Weekly.

with the roads around here, my friend?

How did you find that out?"

for a bite.

with the long hair?

PLEASANT LITTLE ANECDOTES FROM THE

ANOTHER CASE OF WHAT IS OCCUR. RING DAILY AND HOURLY UN-DER OUR VERY EYES,

Struck down at his desk-dead. What was the mat-ter? Only what is the matter with thousands upon thousands of others—brain and nerve exhaustion from

ervous systems in the mad race after fortune and fame by everwork, dissipation or other cause, and exhaustin their pervous and physical energies until alcente pights. failing powers, complete nervous ex-banstion, paralysis, insanity or death must be the inevitable end unless help from some source is re-

You, reader, are rushing blindly on to sure destruction. You are warned every day and every hour of your impending doom. How? By those strange accountions, that dull, dizzy and bad feeling head, that restlessness, irritability and nervousness; by thes- more or less alcepless nights, from which you wake tired and unrefreshed; by the weak, trembling, cold limbs, by the languor and sense of nervous and physical exhaustless which grow upon you were and more. These are dauger signals, and not to beed them is the folly of a fool.

What is to be done? The answer is plain enough, You are losing your nerve force and power and running down in strength, energy and vitality. Whatever will restors this lost strength and vigor to the brain and nerves will put you again in sound health and strength. This is precisely what Dr. Greene's Nervurs, the great brain and nerve invigorant, will do. As a re-storer of nerve force, a builder up of nerve power, vigor and energy, this wenderful remedy has no equal in the world. You can have no idea until you try it of its marvellous toning, strengthening and invigorating effects, its beneficial and healthful action as a brain and nerve restorative. It is purely vegetable

Read This and Do Not Neglect Yourself One

Moment Langer.

From constant worry over business matters I suffered from loss of eleep and became so nervous that I was entraly unfitted for my business and was compelled to give it up. In fact, I feared insanity. Seeing Dr. Greene's Nervura spoken of so highly, I obtained a bot-tle and commenced its use. The effect was almost magical. I could again sleep, mental composure, ap-petite and strength returned. Six bottles of this rem-edy cured me and I have remained well to this date. I have recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura to many of my friends and neighbors and have yet to learn of a fat

Credit to All; West Side Installment Co., tics and languid graces, "what have you accom-plished in this world? What can you do better than any other man?" "Well, for one thing I can keep alive easier than you can."

230 fith ave. A full line of Ladies and Gentlement Coothing for Fall and Winter. Easy terms to all with out security. West Side Installment Co., 230 fith ave., satrance 65 West 15th st.

"Certainly, you poor creature. Take this niece of chewing gum. If treated kindly, it will last you four days." A PALATIAL MANSION JUST COMPLETED FOR THEM IN YORKVILLE.

Been Spent in Its Erection-Conveniences Tramp-Here, mum, is der vie I stold off yer for the Members in the way of Handwindow yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 'tain't hurt seme Rooms. "A sound body makes a sound mind."

[From the Chicago Trabuse, ]
Mrs. Billus (while giving Mr. B. a curtain lecsomest buildings of upper New York, and the largest Turn Hall in the country.

lighted by an immense chandelier provided with "Miss Ohelia Raves writes very fervidly," re-

marked McCork'e.
'Yee, "a-rented McCrackle. 'I understand she uses sheets of flame instead of sheets of paper in the preparation of her manuscript." occupies the whole of the top hoor, and is one of the most capac ous and brilliant ballrooms in the city, with a stage twenty-five feet deep at the eastern end.

On the other floors are reception-rooms, bewing alleys, billiard-rooms, cloak-rooms, smoking-rooms, fencing-rooms, shower, sits and plungs baths.

SKUNKTOWN'S NAME.

Blackbird, as Indian Historian and Grammarian, Shows It's Derivation. Blackbird, the Ottawa and Chippewa his-



First Seedy Dude-I like cool weather for one

"You can button your coat up to your chin without creating the suspicion that it is the ab-sence of a clean shirt that forces you to do it."

nd Seedy Dude-What's that?

hing.

The superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Inforesed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Puress and most liesalthful. Dr. Price's Cream Saking Fowder does not centain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Bold only in Cana. PRICE BAYING.

BEW YORK. CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.

overwork, fret, worry and the cares and anxieties of the pushing and bustling age in which we live. People without number are straining their brains and

and perfectly harmless, and can be obtained at any drug store for \$1 per bottle.

His great masterpiece was published in the last number of \*\*Crithbler's Magazine.

Brown—And who is that well-dressed gentle-man who just spubbed him so unmercifully? Jones—He is also a poet. He writes the adver-tisements for Flum's soap.

sre to oblain good results.

S. W. NOURSE, Hudson, Mass. Dr. Greene, the famous specialist in the oure of persons and chronic diseases, of 35 West 14th st, New York, can be consulted, free of charge, personally or by

TURN VEREIN'S NEW HOME.

They Will Take Possession To-Night After Mrs. Pancake (to tramp)-Well, what do you a Terchlight Parade-Two Years Have

This is the English translation of an inscription over the grand entrance to one of the hand-

ture at a late hour)-Hark! What's that? I It is the new home of the Central Turn Verein hear a noise in the cellar. John, I'm sure it's a burglar!
Mr. Billus (getting out of bed)—I'll fix him.
"What are you going to do John? You havon't your revolver."
(I esperately)—"I'm going to open the doors all the way down to the rellar so the infernal secondicel can hear you talking." of New York, and is located ju tenst of Third avenue on the north side of Sixty-seventh street. It is the work of two years, under the supervision of Architect Albert Wagner. The building is 175 feet front by 100 deep, and 130 feet high. The front is of yellow pressed brick. The grand entrance reveals a beautiful lobby in pure marble and broad marble staircases,

> electric and gas jet. The main assembly and ballroom and theatre occupies the whole of the top floor, and is one

bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, cloar-rooms, smoking-rooms, fencing-rooms, shower, sits and blungs baths.

Last evening the press were given a private view of the building and a reception by the Building Comm ttee; and to-night the Central Turn Verein will take formal possession of their new home and begin gayest of festivities, which will continue three days and nights.

The new building will cost them nearly \$1,000,000, only \$350,000 of which has been spent in advance of the Verein's ability. Jacob Ruppert has a mortgage on the property for that amount.

Ruppert has a mortgage on the property for that amount.

This evening the members will gather as the old hall in East Seventy-seventh street, and will give a torchlight parade brilliant with fireworks, which will end at the hall, where the architect will deliver the keys to Jacob Buppert, Chairman of the Buil ling Committee, and he in turn to Judge Charles J. Nehrbas, President of Central Turn Verein.

There is a school for children of members connected with the Turn Verein, and Instructor George Brosens teaches 800 little boys and girls, most of whom are attendants at the public schools, every afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock the art of physical culture. Other studies are taught by competent tutors.

On Monday these children will assemble at 6 o'dlock at the old building, parade through many streets, and finally gather at the new hall, where, in the evening, they will give an entertainment.

torian and grammarian, according to the Ypstlantian, says Chicago is derived from 'she-gog-ong." the locative case of 'she-gog," an Ottawa word meaning skunk; and in his grammar he illustrates with these LOCATIVE. She-gog-ong ne-de-zhaw, I am going to he gog-ong ne-do-je-baw, I come from She-gog-ong e-zhawn, go to Chicago. OBJECTIVE. She gog ne-ne-saw, I kill the skunk. She gog ke-ne-a-w. you kill the skunk. She gog-won o-ne-sawn, he kills the skunk.

| From Time. | "Do you like the national game, Miss Highflyer ?" Baseball? Yes, indeed. There's only one

thing in it I don't like."
"Yes? And that?"
"Is because the players seem to take all the base advantage they can."
And it was not until long after that it fiashed across the Gothamite that she referred to "stalling accord." "stealing second.

A Base Advantage.

DYBENTERY in children cured by MONELL's TERTS-SG CORDIAL Price 25 cents. Give it a trial.